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FALLES.

From the Flag of our Union.

THE PREDICTION, OR, THE PEASANT GIRL.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

[Concluded.]

A few minutes walk took Jacqueline and her maid to their palfreys as the woman had told them. They found them trembling with fright, and drenched with rain. They were quickly in the saddle, and a rapid ride of an hour took them to the castle.

What she supposed to be duty to her father, and affection for her brother, made her hesitate what course to pursue in regard to the knowledge she had obtained of the latter.—She finally decided to reveal the whole to the count, let the consequences what they might. The revelation threw him into a towering rage.

"His son should never wed a peasant girl. He would rather see him dead, than so far to forget himself. But he could not believe Egbert intended anything serious. It was only a thoughtless amour with a pretty girl, to end in nothing."

The unsuspecting offender was summoned before his father. He obeyed, with a vague suspicion that all was not right.

"And so, sir," said Graf Grisbeck, abruptly, you have been wooing?"

"Wooing, sir?" repeated Egbert, with a start of surprise.

"Yes, sir, wooing," thundered the incensed count. "Wooing the daughter of a simple kind. How dare you thus disgrace me sir?"

"I never knew till this moment that I had disgraced you," replied Egbert, with as much calmness as he could call to his aid.

"Know it now, then, and know, also, that I, Graf Grisbeck, would a thousand times rather see you dead than wedded to one beneath you. I command you never again to see the forest maiden. Dare not disobey me."

"Allow me to ask," said Egbert, "by what means you knew aught of the forest maiden?"

"By your sister, sir. She followed you, suspicious of your frequent visits to the forest. She witnessed your last meeting with the peasant girl."

"Jacqueline! Is it possible she could be guilty of such—" meanness, he would have added, but he was interrupted by the count.

"No recrimination. I will not hear it. Jacqueline has done right."

"But you are condemning me without a hearing. This peasant girl saved my life. She found me dying in the forest—dressed my wounds—put water to my parched lips—and brought me back to earth. Her own fair arms supported my feeble steps to her father's cottage—her own gentle hand administered to my wants. And—"

"And what, sir?"

"I learned to love her."

"Holy Mary! Have you forgotten in whose presence you stand, that you dare speak of loving one of ignoble birth? You will drive me mad. You have heard my commands. Forget her."

"Forget one who saved my life?"

"If she were of ignoble blood, and had saved your life a thousand times, I would command you to forget her."

"I hope, sir, you do not regard the idle prophecy of a doting old monk."

"I hope you have not forgotten to whom you are speaking," retorted the Graf, angrily—"No matter what I believe. My wishes are imperative."

Egbert sought Jacqueline at the conclusion of this interview. He found her in tears. In gentle terms he reproached her for what she had done.

"Was it kind, was it generous?" he asked.

"Might I not have expected something else of you?"

"But why should you disgrace us all by making love to one born in the lowest walks of life. Was not that more criminal than to do what I have done?"

"I can see nothing criminal in loving Regena Kritznor."

"Hush, Egbert! Do not speak of loving her!"

"Tis impossible that it can end in anything but disappointment."

But Regena saved my life. I were an ingrate not to love her. Besides, she is fair as the fairest, and good as the best. One must be insensible to beauty and worth, not to regard her with a feeling dearer than friendship."

"Think of the difference of rank, and be reasonable, Egbert. Do not cast shame upon our house."

To say that Egbert was unhappy, would convey but an inadequate idea of his feelings. He was completely wretched. He did not wish to disobey his father, neither did he wish to renounce forever all thoughts of the charming Regena. He rushed from the castle, and flung himself upon his horse and galloped madly away.

When Jacqueline saw him leave the castle in a way so reckless, she began to regret the part she

had taken in the unhappy affair. She sat meditating upon the subject until the setting in of one of those balmy summer evenings which steal upon us like a dreamy shadow. She had relapsed into one of those pensive reveries which such an hour was calculated to inspire. From the spell of her waking evening dream, she was aroused by a burst of vocal music. It came from the shaded walk beneath her window. The singer was evidently a male, and sang one of those touching old ballads commemorative of the deathless attachment of two young persons of different rank, who still persisted in loving despite the unceasing persecution of over-anxious friends, and who finally eloped, and were wedded clandestinely.

There was something in the tones of the unknown minstrel that reached the heart of Jacqueline. There was a melody in the strain she had never heard, and she sighed when it ceased. The inward nature was touched. Night after night the serenader came and poured forth his songs. They always had the same sweetness for Jacqueline.—Their burden was ever love, in some of its phases. They made food for her dreams during the night, and for her thoughts during the day. Thus she learned to love without knowing it.

The singer grew bolder. He spoke to Jacqueline, told his love, and asked a meeting in the shaded walk. Her heart pleaded for him, and she consented. When at night she stole forth with palpitating heart she met a youth whose years could not exceed her own. His figure was slight, delicate, and almost feminine in its beauty. All his thoughts were printed upon his face, which was beaming with joy and hope.

It is hardly necessary to add that Jacqueline was pleased with him. His youth and fine figure his ingenuousness and devotion, all inspired her with the tenderest passion. As she was leaving him that night, she noticed for the first time, that he wore the garb of a page. She thought of the prophecy, and a sudden and almost nameless fear mingled with that first surprise.

"When the son of the 'Bald Eagle' is wedded to a peasant, and the daughter to a page, the castle of Grisbeck shall fall."

These startling words rang in her ear through the troubled sleep of that night. The prediction was indeed in a fair way to be fulfilled to the letter, and thus it appeared to Jacqueline.

But who, or what was her lover? He had given her but one name—Basil. It indicated neither his rank nor condition. His name was Basil and he was a page, and that was all she knew of him.

She met him night after night, and whatever fears or compunctions she might have felt were stifled by an all-engrossing passion.

Meantime Egbert was the victim—to all appearance—of a settled gloom. He wandered abstractedly in the forest, or shut himself dejectedly in his room. The count was stern and thoughtful, and all Egbert's movements were watched. The latter could ill brook this unpleasant surveillance, and determined to quit the paternal roof forever, marry Regena, and become a soldier.

This resolution he hastened to put into practice. He managed to convey to the forest such a portion of his wardrobe as he deemed necessary. The night ensuing he mounted his best blooded horse, and leaving a line for Jacqueline, stating to her his intentions, and his reasons for taking such a step, he bade adieu to the castle of Grisbeck.

When he again stood before Regena, he was indeed what he had represented himself to be in the first instance—a private in the royal guards. She received him with tears of joy.

"I have come to ask you to be mine," he said tenderly.

"Am I not already yours?" she replied.

"But I mean mine by a legal right."

Regena blushed.

"This step is absolutely necessary to ensure our mutual happiness. Ere another day we may be torn asunder without the hope of meeting again.—Even if we are united, there is a possibility of such an occurrence; and if we are severed as widely as the earth and sky, I would still have the consolation of knowing you are mine."

"Of what are you speaking? Your looks alarm me, and your words also," exclaimed Regena.

"I speak of a power of which you know nothing. But you shall know all anon. Make me the happiest of men, by wedding me this night."

Regena wept, sighed, and consented.—Hasty preparations were made for the interesting event which was to take place in a chapel not far distant. Regena's father agreed to be present.—He had learned to esteem Egbert very highly, and was anxious to see his daughter united to some worthy man, but he did not dream that he was the son of Graf Grisbeck, the proud.

The chapel was lighted at an early hour, and a thoughtful group surrounded the altar. The firm features of Egbert were deadly pale, yet thereon dwelt a beam of hope and happiness. He knew full well that that one act would make him forever an alien from his father's house, and bring down upon his head a father's curse. It was a fearful thing to be cursed by a father. Egbert felt this, but it did not shake his resolution. The young maiden beside him was more essential to his happiness than even his stern, proud parent.

The face of Regena was serene and trusting.—The tears that wet her cheeks were those that the occasion was calculated to call up from the calm depths of the heart.

They stood at the altar, and the old man her father stood beside them, and the man of God with an open book was before them.

The ceremony was performed, and the son of the "bald eagle" had wedded a peasant girl. One part of the prediction was verified. Egbert thought of it, and for a moment was his cheek a shade paler. The sonorous voice of the priest had not ceased to echo in the aisles, when the door was

thrown open with great violence, and Graf Grisbeck rushed in, wild with passion.

"Stop this mockery! I forbid the bans!" he cried, in a terrific voice, striding to the priest, and striking the yet open book from his hand.

"The ceremony is finished, Count Grisbeck," replied the priest, calmly, crossing himself.

"Then may Satan seize you for an ingrate and a fool."

Then turning to Regena, he asked, in a hoarse voice:

"And who is this person who has had the audacity to come hither for such a purpose?"

"This lady is my wife," replied Egbert bowing.

"'Tis a lie! 'tis a forgery! She is not, she cannot be your wife! I will bury this"—and he put his hand upon his sword—"in your bosom first.—The house of Grisbeck shall never be sullied by such a union! Leave her—thrust her from you as you would a serpent—or I will disinherit and disown you!"

"'Tis vain—'tis worse than vain," replied Egbert. "I have counted the cost, and I am firm. I will claim from you no longer the care of a parent. I have already taken measures to push my fortunes in a sphere of life. I have enlisted in the 'Royal Guards.' I will win a fortune and a name by my bravery and my exemplary conduct. Who can or who has a right to reproach me? Your name has descended to you from your father, and not for any noble act you have done; but mine I will earn. Ask all the world if this is not right. Keep, then, the honors you have never lifted your hand to gain, and the wealth you have never labored to obtain.—Keep them, and let both descend with you to the grave. See if such mere nothings will avail you there—see if the tomb does not wipe out distinctions, and humble all pride. But think not that I will forget you are my father. I will not. I will pray for you when I pray for myself, and I will teach this pure young creature to, whom you have flung from you as the sea casts up a worthless weed."

The count was astonished at the manly eloquence of his son although to him it seemed the climax of audacity. No longer able to govern himself, he drew his sword and was making a pass at Egbert, when the priest caught his arm.

"No violence in the house of God, I command you," cried the latter, in a deep voice.—"This is not fitting place for bloodshed.—Restrain you ill-timed impetuosity."

Baffled at all points, the count turned away, and ere the movement was anticipated, threw himself upon his sword, crying:

"Thus do I maintain the honor of my house.—Death before dishonor!"

At this tragical sight Regena swooned and lay lifeless in the arms of Egbert, while the priest and Kitzner sprang forward and raised the count.—The blood flowed profusely, but the wound itself did not appear of so serious a character as they had feared.

"Look at me, Graf Grisbeck," said Kitzner, in an earnest voice, "and see if you ever saw a face like mine before. Scan every lineament, and let memory be faithful to her trust. Go back into other years, and recall old associations."

The count gazed steadily at the old man, and shook his head. Memory seemed to bring back no such image as Kitzner.

"The voice is a voice I should know, but the face is strange; and yet methinks not altogether strange. If it were not for the deep lines upon it, and the garb you wear, I might almost be tempted to believe that—but no, it cannot be. Go, and leave me. This is not a moment to discuss such matters. Let me die in peace. Cease to question a dying and heart-broken man."

"Count Grisbeck, that young girl is my daughter, but I knew not till this hour that that young man was your son. I knew him only as a soldier who loved Regena. Count Grisbeck, I am the persecuted and banished baron of Koningsdorf.—These lines were not on my face when you saw me last, and I wore not this garb. You know the political charges that drove me from my home."

"Do I indeed gaze once more upon the friend of my early years? How strange are the vicissitudes of life. I joy to see you, but grieve to see you thus changed. My house is not disgraced. Forget, my dear friend, the folly you have witnessed this night. I imagined I was disgraced forever. Forgive me, Egbert. If I have wronged you in a moment of passion, I have also had my punishment. Let this wound attest to what I have said."

By this time Regena had recovered, and the meaning of all she had witnessed was explained.

Things were taking a happy turn after all.—The peasant girl had proved to be the daughter of a once powerful, though now banished baron, and the nameless soldier had proved the son of a still powerful count.

The happy party passed the night at the cottage of the proscribed man, where the count's wound had proper attention, and gave promise of a recovery. The old noble passed the night by the couch of his friend, and related the incidents which had taken place since their last meeting.

The next morning when the first notes of the robin were heard in the trees, they all set out for the castle of Grisbeck.

But who was happier than Regena and Egbert? They saw one dark spot in the future opening to their view. O, that the heart's summer time might ever last.

While the events we have related were taking place at the chapel, another similar scene was going forward before another altar in another part of the forest. The nameless and youthful Basil had persuaded Jacqueline that their mutual happiness could only be ensured by a speedy marriage. He importuned her until she ceased to resist his wishes.

The prediction was the last obstacle to be overcome. Basil at length succeeded in convincing her that there was nothing at all in predictions, and that they were resorted to only for effect, by designing and malicious people.

Jacqueline was wedded to the page, and another part of the prophecy was verified. They had only now to wait and see the fulfilment of the rest—the downfall of the castle.

"Let us return to the castle," said Basil, as soon as the ceremony was performed, and he had saluted the lips of his bride.

"To the castle? What castle? Not my father's?"

"To my father's to-night—yours to-morrow," replied Basil, joyously smiling at the perplexity of Jacqueline. "Yes my love, Basil, though he has no

name, has a castle, and a sire. Come, my bride, let us away."

The next day a splendidly equipped carriage was seen wending up the sides of the mountain, to the castle of Grisbeck. When it had reached the place of its destination, the page Basil alighted, and handed out a lady, the lady was Jacqueline. The count, whose wound permitted him to travel, the baron, with Egbert and Regena, had just arrived. Basil with Jacqueline upon his arm, stood beside the Count, who was dumb with surprise at a presentation so unexpected.

"Pardon," said Basil, sinking gracefully upon one knee—in which he was imitated by Jacqueline—"pardon the liberty I have taken during your short absence. Impelled by an unconquerable love for your daughter, I have persuaded her to become my wife."

A dread silence followed the announcement. It was evidently expected that a scene similar to that of the night before was about to be enacted.

Graf Grisbeck grew as pale as the face of a corpse.

"A page!" he cried. "The prediction is fulfilled!" Then laying his hand on his sword, "who are you?" he thundered.

Basil arose to his feet, and replied with a smile of triumph:

"My name is Fredrick, the oldest son of the prince D——."

The page was the son of a prince! No surprise was ever more agreeable to Graf Grisbeck, save that of the night previous. Greetings and explanations followed then. The wedding festival was celebrated with great splendor for a fortnight.—The prediction was fulfilled to the letter. The castle of Grisbeck fell, and a structure twice as large was erected on the same site.

THE MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A BARRISTER.

"It is really time that a properly-qualified governess had charge of those girls," observed my wife, as Mary and Kate, after more than a usually boisterous romp with their papa, left the room for bed. I may here remark, *inter alia*, that I once surprised a dignified and highly distinguished judge at a game of blindman's buff with his children, and very heartily he appeared to enjoy it too. "It is really time that a properly qualified governess had charge of those girls. Susan May did very well as a nursery teacher, but they are now far beyond her control. I cannot attend to their education, and as for you——" The sentence was concluded by a shrug of the shoulders and a toss of the head, eloquently expressive of the degree of estimation in which my governing powers were held.

"Time enough, surely, for that," I exclaimed, as soon as I had composed myself, for I was a little out of breath. "They may, I think, rub along with Susan for another year or two. Mary is but seven years of age."

"Eight years, if you please. She was eight years old last Thursday three weeks."

"Eight years! Then we must have been married nine! Bless me, how the time has flown! It seems scarcely so many weeks!"

"Nonsense!" rejoined my wife, with a sharpness of tone and a rigidity of facial muscle, which considering the handsome compliment I had just

paid her, argued, I was afraid, a foregone conclusion. "You always have recourse to some folly of that sort, whenever I am desirous of entering into a serious consultation on family affairs."

There was some truth in this, I confess. The "consultations" which I found profitable, were not serious ones with my wife upon domestic matters. Leading, as they invariably did, to a diminution instead of an increase of the little balance at the banker's. If such a proposition therefore could be evaded or adjourned by even an extravagant compliment, I considered it well laid out. But the expedient, I found, was one which did not improve by use. For some time after marriage, it answered remarkably well; but each succeeding year of wedded bliss marked its rapidly declining efficacy.

"Well, well: go on."

"I say it is absolutely necessary that a first rate governess should at once be engaged. Lady Maldon has been here to-day, and she——"

"Oh, I thought it might be her new ladyship's suggestion. I wish the 'fountain of honor' were somewhat chrier of its knights and ladies, and then perhaps——"

"What, for mercy's sake, are you running on about?" interrupted the lady with peremptory emphasis. "Fountains of honor, forsooth! One would suppose, to hear you talk in that wild, nonsensical way, that you were addressing a bench of judges sitting in *banco*, instead of a sensible person solicitous for her and your children's welfare."

"Bless the woman!" thought I; "what an exalted idea she appears to have of forensic eloquence! 'Proceed, my love,' I continued; 'there is a difference, certainly; and I am all attention.'"

"Lady Maldon knows a young lady—a distant relative, indeed, of hers—whom she is anxious to serve——"

"At our expense."

"How can you be so ungenerous? Edith Willoughby is the daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Willoughby, curate of Heavy Tree, in Warwickshire, I believe; and was specially educated for the first class governess and teacher. She speaks French with the true Parisian accent, and her Italian, Lady Maldon assures me, is pure Tuscan——"

"He-e-m!"

"She dances with grace and elegance; plays the harp and piano with skill and taste; is a thorough *artiste* in drawing and painting; and is, more over, very handsome—though beauty, I admit, is an attribute which in a governess might be very well dispensed with."

"True, unless, indeed, it were catching."

I need not continue this cannibal dialogue. It is sufficient to state that Edith Willoughby was duly installed in office on the following day; and that, much to my surprise, I found that her qualifications for the charge she had undertaken were scarcely over-colored. She was a well-educated, elegant and beautiful girl or refined and fascinating manners, and possessed of one of the sweetest, gentlest dispositions that ever charmed and graced the family and social circle. She was, I often thought, for her own chance of happiness, too ductile, too readily yielding to the wishes and fancies of others. In a very short time I came to regard her as a daughter, and with my wife and children she was speedily a prodigious favorite. Mary and Kate improved rapidly under her judicious tuition, and I felt for once positively grateful to Lady Mal-

don for her officious interference in my domestic arrangements.

Edith Willoughby has been domesticated with us about two years, when Mr. Harlowe, a gentleman of good decent and fine property, had occasion to call several times at my private residence on business relating to the purchase of a house in South Audley street, the title to which, exhibited by the vendors, was not of the most satisfactory kind. On one occasion he stayed to dine with us, and I noticed that he seemed much struck by the appearance of our beautiful and accomplished governess. His evident emotion startled and pained me in a much higher degree than I could have easily accounted for, even to myself. Mr. Harlowe was a widower, past his first youth, certainly, but scarcely more than two or three-and-thirty years of age, wealthy, not ill-looking, and, as far as I knew, of average character in society. Surely an excellent match, if it should come to that, for an orphan girl, rich only in fine talents and gentle affections. But I could not think so. I disliked the man—instinctively disliked him; for I could assign no very positive motive for antipathy.

"The reason why, I cannot tell.
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

These lines indicate an unconquerable feeling which most persons have, I presume, experienced; and which frequently, I think, results from a kind of cumulative evidence of uncongeniality or unworthiness, made up of a number of slight indices of character, which separately may appear of little moment, altogether produce a strong, if not undeniable, feeling of aversion. Mr. Harlowe's manners were bland, polished and insinuating, his conversation was sparkling and instructive, but a cold sneer seemed to play habitually about his lips, and at times there glanced forth a concentrated, polished ferocity—so to speak—from his eyes, revealing hard and stony depths, which I shuddered to think that a being so pure and gentle as Edith might be doomed to sound and fathom. That he was a man of strong passions and determination of will, was testified by every curve of his square, massive head, and every line of his full countenance.

My aversion—reasonable or other wise, as it might be—was not shared by Miss Willoughby; and it was soon apparent that, fascinated, intoxicated by her extreme beauty (the man was, I felt, incapable of love in its high, generous and spiritual sense) (Mr. Harlowe had determined on offering his hand and fortune to the orphaned orphan. He did so and was accepted. I did not conceal my dislike of her suitor from Edith and my wife—who, with feminine exaggeration of the hints I threw out, had set him down as a kind of polished tiger—with tears entreated her to avoid the glittering snare. We of course had neither right nor power to push our opposition beyond friendly warning and advice; and when we found, thanks to Lady Maldon, who was vehemently in favor of the match—to, in Edith's position the dazzling temptation of a splendid establishment, and to Mr. Harlowe's eloquent and impassioned pleadings—that the rich man's offer was irrevocably accepted, we, of course forebore from continuing a useless and irritating resistance. Lady Maldon had several times very plainly intimated that our aversion to the marriage arose solely from a selfish desire of retaining the services of her charming relative; so prone are the

the mean and selfish to impute meanness and selfishness to others.

I might, however, I reflected, be of service to Miss Willoughby, by securing for her such a marriage settlement as would place her beyond the reach of one possible consequence of caprice and change. I spoke to Mr. Harlowe on the subject; and he, under the influence of head-strong, eager feelings, gave me as I expected, *carte blanche*.—I availed myself of the license so readily afforded; a deed of settlement was drawn up, signed, sealed, and attested in duplicate the day before the wedding, and Edith Willoughby, as far as wealth and position in society are concerned, had undoubtedly made a surprisingly good bargain.

It happened that just as Lady Maldon, Edith Willoughby, and Mr. Harlowe were leaving my chamber after the execution of the deed, Mr. Ferret, the attorney, appeared on the stairs. His hands were full of papers, and he was, as usual, in hot haste; but he stopped abruptly as his eye fell upon the departing visitors, looking with startled earnestness at Miss Willoughby, whom he knew, and then glanced at Mr. Harlowe with an expression of angry surprise. That gentleman, who did not appear to recognize the new-comer, returned his look with a supercilious, contemptuous stare, and passed on with Edith—who had courteously saluted the inattentive Mr. Ferret—followed by Lady Maldon.

"What is the meaning of that ominous conjunction?" demanded Mr. Ferret, as the affianced pair disappeared together.

"Marriage, Mr. Ferret! Do you know any just cause or impediment, why they should not be joined together in holy wedlock?"

"The fellow's wife is dead, then?"

"Yes: she died about a twelve-month ago. Did you know her?"

"Not personally; by reputation only. A country attorney, Richards of Braintree, for whom I transacted London business, sent me the draft of a deed of separation—to which the unfortunate lady rather than continue to live with her husband, had consented—for counsel's opinion. I had an interview with Mr. Harlowe himself upon the business; but I see he affects to have forgotten me. I do not know much of the merits of the case, but according to Richards—no great shakes of a fellow between ourselves—the former Mrs. Harlowe was a martyr to her husband's calculated virulence and legal (at least not illegal, a great distinction, in my opinion, though not so set down in the books) despotism. He espoused her for her wealth; that secured, he was desirous of ridding himself of the incumbrance to it—a common case! And now if you please, to business."

I excused myself, as did my wife, from being present at the wedding; but everything, I afterwards heard, passed off with great *eclat*. The bridegroom was all fervor and obsequiousness the bride all bashfulness and beauty. The "happy pair," I saw by the afternoon newspapers, were to pass the honeymoon at Mr. Harlowe's seat, Fair-down Park. The evening of the marriage day was anything, I remember, but a pleasant one to me. I reached home by no means hilariously disposed, where I was greeted, by way of revival, with the intelligence that my wife, after listening with great energy to Lady Maldon's description of the wedding festivities for two tremendous hours

had at last been relieved by copious hysteria, and that Mary and Kate were in a fair way—if the exploit could be accomplished by perseverance—of crying themselves to sleep. These were our bridal compliments: much more flattering, I imagine if not quite so honey-accented, as the courtly phrases with which the votaries and the victims of Hymen are alike usually greeted.

Time, business, worldly hopes and cares, the triumphs and defeat of an exciting profession, gradually weakened the impressions made upon me by the gentle virtues of Edith Willoughby; and when, about fifteen months after the wedding, my wife informed me that she had been accosted by Mrs. Harlowe at a shop in Bond-street, my first feelings was one of surprise, not untinged with resentment, for what I deemed her ungrateful neglect.

"She recognized you then?" I remarked.

"Recognized me! What do you mean?"

"I thought perhaps she might have forgotten your features, as she evidently has our address."

"If you had seen," replied my wife, "how pale, how cold, how utterly desolate she looked, you would think less hardly of her. As soon as she observed, a slight scream escaped her; and then she glanced eagerly and tremblingly around like a startled fawn. Her husband had passed out of the shop to give, I think, some direction to the coachman. She tottered towards me, and clasping me in her arms, burst into a passion of tears. "Oh, why—why," I asked as soon as I could speak, "why have you not written to us?" "I dare not!" she gasped. "But oh tell me, do you—does your husband remember me with kindness? Can I still reckon on his protection, his support?" "I assured her you would receive her as your own child; the whispered words had barely passed my lips, when Mr. Harlowe, who had swiftly approached us unperceived, said, "Madam, the carriage waits." His stern, pitiless eye glanced from his wife to me, and stiffly bowing, he said, "Excuse me for interrupting your conversation; but time presses. Good-day. A minute after the carriage drove off."

I was greatly shocked at this confirmation of my worst fears, and I meditated with intense bitterness on the fate of a being of such meek tenderness, exposed to the heartless brutalities of a sated sensualist like Harlowe. But what could be done? She had chosen, deliberately and after warning, chosen her lot, and must accept the consequences of her choice. In all the strange statutes, and sharp biting laws of England, there can be no clause wherewith to shield a woman from the "regulated" meanness and despotism of an unprincipled husband. Resignation is the sole remedy, and therein the patient must minister to herself.

On the morning of the Sunday following Edith's brief interview with my wife, and just as we were about to leave the house to attend divine service, a cab drove furiously up to the door and a violent summons both by knocker and bell announced the arrival of some strangely impatient visitor. I stepped from the drawing room landing, and looked over the banister rail, curious to ascertain who had honored me with so peremptory a call. The door was quickly opened, and in ran or rather staggered Mrs. Harlowe with a child in long clothes in her arms.

"Shut—shut the door!" She faintly exclaimed, as she sunk on one of the hall seats. "Pray shut the door—I am pursued!"

I hastened down, and was just in time to save her from falling on the floor. She had fainted. I had her carried up stairs, and by the aid of proper restoratives, she gradually recovered consciousness. The child, a girl about four months old, was seized upon by Mary and Kate, and carried off in triumph to the nursery. Sadly changed indeed as by the sickness of the soul, was poor Edith. The radiant flush of youth and hope, rendering her sweet face eloquent of joy and pride, was replaced by the cold sad hues of wounded affections and proud despair. I could read in her countenance, as in a book, the sad record of long months of wearing sorrow, vain regrets, and bitter, self-reproach.—Her person, too, had lost its rounded, airy, graceful outlines and had become thin and angular.—Her voice albeit, was musical and gentle as she murmured on recovering her senses, "You will protect me from my—from that man?" As I warmly pressed her hand, in emphatic assurance that I would shield her from all comers, another loud summons was heard at the door. A minute afterwards, a servant entered, and announced that Mr. Harlowe waited for me below. I directed he should be shown into the library; and after iterating my assurance to Edith that she was quite safe from violence beneath my roof, and that I would presently return to hear her explanation of the affair, I went down stairs.

Mr. Harlowe, as I entered, was pacing rapidly up and down the apartment. He turned to face me; and I thought he looked even more perturbed and anxious than vengeful and angry. He, however, as I coldly bowed, and demanded his business with me, instantly assumed a bullying air and tone.

"Mrs. Harlowe is here: she has surreptitiously left South Audley street in a hired cab and I have traced her to this house!"

"Well!"

"Well! I trust it is well: and I insist that she instantly return to her home."

"Her home!"

I used the word with an expression significative only of my sense of the sort of "home" he had provided for the gentle girl he had sworn to love and cherish; but the random shaft found a joint in his armor at which it was not aimed. He visibly trembled and turned pale.

"She has had time to tell you all, then! But be assured, sir, that nothing she has heard or been told, however true it may be—*MAY* be, remember, I say—can be legally substantiated, except by myself."

What could the man mean? I was fairly puzzled; professionally accustomed to conceal emotions of surprise and bewilderment, I coldly replied:

"I have left the lady, who had sought the protection of her true "home," merely to ascertain the reason of this visit."

"The reason of my visit!" he exclaimed with renewed fury; "to convey her to South Audley street. What else? If you refuse to give her up, I shall apply to the police."

I smiled and approached the bell.

"You will not surrender her, then?"

"To judicial process only; of that be assured."

I have little doubt that, when I am placed in full possession of all the facts of the case I shall be quite able to justify my conduct." He did not reply, and I continued: "If you choose to wait here till I have heard Edith's statement, I will at once frankly acquaint you with my final determination."

"Be it so: and please to recollect, sir, that you have to deal with a man not easily baffled or entrapped by legal subtlety or cunning."

I re-ascended to the drawing room; and finding Edith—thanks to the ministrations, medicinal and oral, of my bustling and indignant lady—much calmer, and thoroughly satisfied that nobody could or should wrest her from us, begged her to relate unreservedly the cause or causes which had led to her present position. She falteringly complied and I listened with throbbing pulse and burning cheeks to the sad story of her wedded wretchedness, dating from within two or three months of marriage; and finally consummated by a disclosure that, if provable, might consign Harlowe to the hulks.—The tears, the agony, the despair of the unhappy lady, excited in me a savageness of feeling, an eager thirst for vengeance, which I had believed foreign to my nature. Edith divined my thoughts, and taking my hand, said: "Never, sir, will I appear against him; the father of my little Helen shall never be publicly accused by me."

"You err, Edith," I rejoined; "it is a positive duty to bring so consummate a villain to justice. He has evidently calculated on your gentleness of disposition, and must be disappointed."

I soon, however, found it was impossible to shake her resolution on this point; and I returned with a heart full of grief and bitterness to Mr. Harlowe.

"You will oblige me, sir," I exclaimed as I entered the room, "by leaving this house immediately; I would hold no further converse with so vile a person."

"How! Do you know to whom you presume to speak in this matter?"

"Perfectly. You are one Harlowe, who, after a few months' residence with a beautiful and amiable girl, had extinguished the passion which induced him to offer her marriage, showered on her every species of insult and indignity of which a cowardly and malignant nature is capable; and who, finding that did not kill her, at length consummated, or revealed, I do not yet know which is most applicable, his utter baseness by causing her to be informed that his first wife was still living."

"Upon my honor sir, I believed, when I married Miss Willoughby, that I was a widower."

"Your honor! But except to prove that I do thoroughly know and appreciate the person I am addressing, I will not bandy words with you.—After that terrible disclosure—if, indeed, it be a disclosure, not an invention—Ah, you start at that!"

"At your insolence, sir, not at your senseless surmises."

"Time and law will show. After I repeat, this terrible disclosure or invention, you, not content with obtaining from your victim's generosity a positive promise that she would not send you to the hulks—"

"Sir, have a care."

"Pooh! I say, not content with exacting this

promise from your victim, you, with your wife, or accomplice, threatened not only to take her child from her, but to lock her up in a mad-house, unless she subscribed a paper, confessing that she knew, when you espoused her, that you were a married man. Now, sir, do I, or do I not, thoroughly know who and what the man is I am addressing?"

"Sir," returned Harlowe, recovering his audacity somewhat, "spite of all your hectoring and abuse, I defy you to obtain proof—legal proof—whether what Edith has heard is true or false.—The affair may perhaps be arranged; let her return with me."

"You know she would die first; but it is quite useless to prolong this conversation; and I again request you to leave this house."

"If Miss Willoughby would accept an allowance—"

The cool audacity of this proposal to make me an instrument in compromising a felony exasperated me beyond all bounds. I rang the bell violently, and desired the servant who answered it to show Mr. Harlowe out of the house. Finding further persistence useless, the baffled villain snatched up his hat, and with a look and gesture of rage and contempt hurried out of the apartment.

The profession of a barrister necessarily begets habits of coolness and reflection under the most exciting circumstances, but I confess that in this instance my ordinary equanimity was so much disturbed, that it was some time before I could command sufficient composure to reason calmly upon the strange revelations made to me by Edith, and the nature of the measure necessary to adopt in order to clear up the mystery attaching to them.—She persisted in her refusal to have recourse to legal measures, with a view to the punishment of Harlowe; and I finally determined—after a conference with Mr. Ferret, who, having acted for the first Mrs. Harlowe, I naturally conjectured must know something of her history and conjectures—to take for the present no ostensible steps in the matter. Mr. Ferret, like myself, was persuaded that the sham resuscitation of his first wife was a mere trick, to enable Harlowe to rid himself of the presence of a woman he no longer cared for.

"I will take an opportunity," said Mr. Ferret "of quietly questioning Richards: he must have known the first wife; Eleanor Wickham, I remember was her maiden name; and if not bought over by Harlowe—a by-no-means impossible purchase—can set us right at once. I did not understand that the said Eleanor was at all celebrated for beauty and accomplishments, such as you say Miss Willoughby—Mrs. Harlowe, I mean—describes. She was a native of Dorsetshire, too, I remember, and the foreign Italian accent you mention is rarely, I fancy, picked up in that charming county. Some flashy opera-dancer, depend upon it, whom he has contracted a passing fancy for; a slippery gentleman, certainly; but, with a little caution, we shall not fail to trip his heels up, clever as he may be."

A stronger wrestler than either of us was upon the track of the unhappy man. Edith had not been with us for three weeks, when one of Mr. Harlowe's servants called at my chamber to say that his master, in consequence of a wound he had inflicted on his foot with an axe, whilst amusing himself with cutting or pruning some trees in the

grounds at Fairdown, was seriously ill, and had expressed a wish to see me, I could not leave town; but as it was important Mr. Harlowe should be seen, I requested Mr. Ferret to proceed to Fairdown House. He did so; and late in the evening returned with the startling intelligence that Mr. Harlowe was dead!

"Dead!" I exclaimed, much shocked. "Are you serious?"

"As a judge. He expired about an hour after I reached the house, of *tetanus*, commonly called lock-jaw. His body, by the contraction of the muscles, was bent like a bow, and rested on his heels and the back part of his head. He was incapable of speech long before I saw him; but there was a world of agonized expression in his eyes!"

"Dreadful! Your journey was useless then?"

"Not precisely. I saw the pretended former wife, a splendid woman, and as much Eleanor Wickham, of Dorsetshire, as I am. They mean, however to show fight, I think; for, as I left the place, I observed that delighted knave Richards enter the house. I took the liberty of placing seals on the desks and cabinets, and directed the butler and other servants to see that nothing was disturbed or removed till Mrs. Harlowe's—the true Mrs. Harlowe's—arrival."

The funeral was to take place on the following Wednesday; and it was finally arranged that both of us should accompany Edith to Fairdown on the day after it had taken place, and adopt such measures as circumstances might render it necessary. Mr. Ferret wrote to this effect to all parties concerned.

On arriving at the house, I, Ferret and Mrs. Harlowe proceeded at once to the drawing-room, where we found the pretended wife seated in great state, supported on one side by Mr. Richards, and on the other by Mr. Quillet the eminent proctor.—Edith was dreadfully agitated, and clung frightened and trembling to my arm. I conducted her to a seat, and placed myself beside her, leaving Mr. Ferret—whom so tremendous an array of law and learning, evincing a determination to fight the matter out *a l'outrance*, filled with exuberant glee—to open the conference.

"Good morning, madam," cried he, the moment he entered the room, and quite unaffected by the lady's scornful and haughty stare; "I am delighted to see you in such excellent company—You do not, I hope, forget that I once had the honor of transacting business for you?"

"You had the transactions of my business!" said the lady. "When, I pray you?"

"God bless me!" cried Ferret, addressing Richards, "what a charming Italian accent; and out of Dorsetshire, too!"

"Dorsetshire, sir?" exclaimed the lady.

"Ay, Dorsetshire, to be sure. Why, Mr. Richards our respected client appears to have forgotten her place of birth! How very extraordinary!"

Mr. Richards now interfered, to say that Mr. Ferret was apparently laboring under a strange misapprehension. "This lady," continued he, "is Madame Guilletta Correlli."

"Whe-e-w!" rejoined Ferret, thrown for an instant off his balance by the suddenness of the confession, and perhaps a little disappointed at so plausible a termination of the dispute—"Guilletta Correlli! What is the meaning of this array, then?"

"I am glad, Madam," said I, interposing for the first time in the conversation, "for your own sake, that you have been advised not to persist in the senseless as well as iniquitous scheme devised by the late Mr. Harlowe; but this being the case, I am greatly at a loss to know why either you or these legal gentlemen are here?"

The brilliant eyes of the Italian flashed in triumphant scorn, and a smile of contemptuous irony curled her beautiful lips as she replied—

"These legal gentlemen will not have much difficulty in explaining my right to remain in my own house."

"Your house?"

"Precisely, sir," replied Mr. Quillet. "This mansion, together with all other property, real and personal, of which the deceased Henry Harlowe died possessed, is bequeathed by will—dated about a month since—to this lady, Guiletta Corelli."

"A will!" exclaimed Mr. Ferret, with an expressive shout; and turning to me, whilst his sharp grey eyes danced with an irrepressible mirth—"did I not tell you so?"

"Your usual sagacity, Mr. Ferret, has not in this instance failed you. Perhaps you will permit me to read the will? But before I do so," continued Mr. Quillet, as he drew his gold-rimmed spectacles from their morocco sheath—"you will allow me, if you please, to state that the legatee, delicately appreciating the position of the widow, will allow her any reasonable annuity—say five hundred pounds per annum for life."

"Will she really though?" cried Mr. Ferret, boiling over with ecstasy. "Madam, let me beg of you to confirm this gracious promise?"

"Certainly I do."

"Capital?—glorious!" rejoined Ferret; and I thought he was about to perform a saltatory movement that must have brought his cranium into damaging contact with the chandelier under which he was standing. "Is it not delightful? How every one—especially an attorney—loves a generous giver?"

Mr. Richards appeared to be rendered somewhat uneasy by these strange demonstrations. He new Ferret well, and evidently suspected that something was wrong somewhere.

"Perhaps, Mr. Quillet," said he, "you had better read the will at once."

This was done: the instrument devised in legal and minute form of all the property, real and personal, to Guiletta Corelli—a natural born subject of his majesty it appeared, though of foreign parentage, and of partially foreign education.

"Allow me to say," broke in Mr. Ferret, interrupting me as I was about to speak—"allow me to say, Mr. Richards, that will does you credit; it is I should say, a first rate affair, for a country practitioner especially. But of course you submitted the draught to counsel?"

"Certainly I did," said Richards, tartly.

"No doubt—no doubt. Clearness and precision like that could only have proceeded from a master's hand. I shall take a copy of that will Richards, for future guidance, you may depend, the instant it is registered in Doctor's Commons."

"Come, come, Mr. Ferret," said I; "this jesting is all very well; but it is quite time the farce should end."

"Farce!" exclaimed Mr. Richards.

"Farce!" growled doubtful Mr. Quillet.

"Farce!" murmured the beautiful Guiletta.

"Farce!" cried Mr. Ferret. "My dear sir, it is about one of the most charming and genteel comedies ever enacted on any stage, and the principal part, too, by one of the most charming of *prima donnas*. Allow me sir—don't interrupt me! it is to delightful to be shared; it is indeed. Mr. Richards, and you, Mr. Quillet, will you permit me to observe that this admirable will has one slight defect?"

"A defect?—where?—how?"

"It is really heart-breaking that so much skill and ingenuity should be thrown away; but the fact is gentleman, that the excellent person who signed it had no property to bequeath."

"How?"

"Not a shilling's worth. Allow me, sir, if you please. The piece of parchment, gentleman, is I have the pleasure to inform you, a marriage settlement."

"A marriage settlement!" exclaimed both men of law in a breath.

"A marriage settlement, by which, in the event of Mr. Harlowe's decease, his entire property passes to his wife, in trust for the children, if any; and if not, absolutely to herself."

Ferret threw the deed on the table, and then giving way to convulsive mirth threw himself upon the sofa and fairly shouted with glee.

Mr. Quillet seized the document, and, with Richards, eagerly perused it. The proctor then rose, and bowing gravely to his astonished client, said.

"The will madam, is waste paper. You have been deceived."

He then left the apartment.

The consternation of the lady and her attorney may be conceived. Madam Corelli, giving way to her fiery passions, vented her disappointment in passionate reproaches of the deceased; the only effect of which was to lay bare still more clearly than before her own cupidity and folly, and to increase Edith's painful agitation. I led her down stairs to my wife, who, I omitted to mention, had accompanied us from town, and remained in the library with the children during our conference.—In a very short time afterwards Mr. Ferret had cleared the house of its intrusive guests, and we had leisure to offer our condolence and congratulation to our grateful and interesting client. It was long before Edith recovered her former gaiety and health; and I doubt if she would ever have thoroughly regained her old cheerfulness and elasticity of mind, had it not been for her labor of love in superintending and directing the education of her daughter Helen, a charming girl who unfortunately inherited nothing from her father but his wealth. The last time I remember to have danced was at Helen's wedding. She married a distinguished gentleman, with whom, and her mother, I perceive by the newspapers, she appeared at Queen Victoria's Court in Dublin, one, I am sure, of the brightest stars which glittered in that galaxy of beauty and fashion.

BIOGRAPHY.

ELIZABETH F. ELLETT.

The maiden name of Mrs. Ellett was Lummis. She was born at Sodus, a small town on the margin of the lake Ontario, where her father was for

many years a respectable physician. When about seventeen years of age, she was married to Doctor William H. Ellett, then Professor of Chemistry in Columbia College, in the city of New-York, and now one of the professors in the college at Columbia, in South Carolina. Within a few years after her marriage she made herself familiar with the languages and literature of Germany, Italy and France; and she has since published many admirable translations from Schiller, Alfieri, Lamartine, and others; and a number of judicious and interesting papers in the "American Quarterly Review," and other periodicals, on foreign authors and their works, and the condition and prospects of foreign literature.

She began to write for the magazines in 1833, and in the following year appeared her translation of "Euphemia of Messina," by Silvio Pellico. In the spring of 1835, her tragedy, entitled "Teresa Contarina," was successfully performed at the Park Theatre, in New-York; and in the succeeding autumn she published at Philadelphia her "Poems, Translated and Original." Since that time she has written much and well for various literary miscellanies, and has published "Joanna of Sicily," and two or three other works, which have been deservedly popular.

MISCELLANY.

TORTURING THE AUTHOR.

ONE of Dr. Beattie's correspondents tells of a scene of torture where Cambell was the victim; and Hohenlinden the subject of what is called conversation.

"Cambell," said one of the party, "you poets deal in hyperbole, but surely you exceed all licences when you say—

"And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery."

If their flash was so loud, what must have been the report?"

Cambell was fool enough to answer a fool according to his folly; when another of the company interfered—

"Then shook the hills, with thunder riven?
Then rushed the steeds, to battle driven!"

Oh, what a falling off is there!"

"How could I help it?" said the poet, somewhat moved. "The battle began with a general discharge of artillery along the whole line; and then, amidst the obscurity of the smoke: the cavalry made their attack on the broken ranks of the enemy."

"Well parried, but—

"Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
is Milton's."

"Oh, I know to what you allude," said Campbell, sharply—

"Wave,
Your tops, ye pines, in sign of worship, Wave,
Is that a fault?"

"Well, let that pass: but were your soldiers buried feet downward; and what was the size of the turfs that covered them? for you say—

"And every turf beneath his feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

This cruel banter, in which it could not be determined how much was jest, how much was earnest, at last irritated and provoked the poet. He made an efforts to leave the room, but seems to have controlled his temper. A lady present said—

"Come, dear Mr. Campbell, kindly understand, and forgive these thoughtless jokers; had they not prized the poem, it would not have stuck so fast in their memory."

The hilarity of the evening was not, however restored.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE LATE LORD JEFFREY.

The young Scotch student was by no means possessed in favor of Oxford, and seemed to think, like Gibbon, that little else than port and prejudice were to be imbibed in the College halls. He used to declare that he expected to learn nothing more than the pronunciation of the English language. This accomplishment, however, he never attained, for he only engrafted some high English tones on his Edinburgh *patois*, which, even with his fine deep voice, was far from being graceful or musical. An anecdote of his early days we have heard related, to the effect that when pleading one day before old Lord Newton, the judge stopped him, and asked him, in broad Scotch—

"Whur were ye educat, Mr. Jeffrey?"

"Oxford, my lord."

"Then I doubt ye maun gang back there agin, for we can mak nocht o' ye here."

On another occasion, the advocate, in stating his case before the same judge, happened to speak of an itinerant violinist.

"D'ye mean a blin' fiddler?" asked Lord Newton.

"Vulgarly so called, my lord," answered the spirited advocate.

A TEST QUESTION.

A few months since, as a number of gentlemen were grouped around a corner of one of the great thoroughfares of Lowell, the conversation turned on the question, whether the Irish really are more witty than other people or not. The contest ran high for some time; and the parties being equally divided, it was agreed to test the point on the first Irishman, that appeared. No sooner said than done. As if he had been sent by special commission, around the corner came a son of Erin apparently fresh from the bogs.

"Good day! and the top of the morning to yer honor, inter the bargain!" replied Pat drawing up.

"I should like to ask you a question," pursued the other.

"True for you, an' isn't that same jist what I expected all the way till I cum fornist ye?"

"Listen, friend; for the question is a very important one. If the devil should be told he might hove one of us, which would he first choose?"

"Why me, to be sure," responded Pat.

"Ay! why so?"

"He knows he could get either of you at any time?"

The clubs adjourned—*sine die.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Let the business of every one alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study even to make leisure hours useful; think twice before you spend a shilling, remember you will have another to make for it; find recreation in looking after your business, and so your business will not be neglected to look after recreation; buy low, sell fair, and

take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and if you find an error, trace it out; should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench—work harder, but never fly the track; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should even fall in the struggle, you will be honored; but shrink from the task and you will be despised.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

"MADAM, will you please inform me the number of inhabitants there are in the house?"

"Sir?"

"The people in this mansion."

"Well, there are eight in the room overhead."

"How many—eight? Are they all adults?"

"No, they are all Smiths except two boarders."

"Smiths? black or white smiths, madam?"

"I'd have you know I don't live in a house with niggers."

"I didn't allude to color; I only meant their calling."

"O, that's it, is it; well if you had been here last night you'd found out, for they were calling the watch as loud as they could scream."

"Madam, I merely wish to know how many people you have in this house, and what they do for a living?"

"Yes, now I understand. Well, let me see; there's the two Mullins—that's one—"

"That makes two, madam."

"Well, you know best, 'spose you count 'em yourself."

"It is my business to enquire."

"Well, you'd better attend to it then, and don't bother me."

TAKING A HINT.

Zeb, said a chap to his chum the other day, it seems to me you didn't stay long in 'Squire Folger's last night.

No, was the reply, I was sayin' a few pleasant things to the daughter, and the old man came in and gave me a hint to go.

A hint, Zeb, what sort of a hint?

Why, he gave me my hat, opened the door, and just as he began to raise his cowhide boot, I had a thought that I wasn't wanted, and so I—I took my leave.

TWO THINGS AT ONCE.

"I SAY, Paddy," said a philosopher, "can you do two things at the same time?"

"Can't I?" answered Paddy, "I'll do that any day!"

"How?" inquired the philosopher.

"Why," replied Paddy, "I'll be slapeing and draimeing at the same time, don't you see? So none o' your gammon for a spoony."

LOST SNUFFERS.

"I WONDER what has become of the snuffers?" said Mrs. — "I have been looking for them all the evening, and can't find them high or low."

Nobody could give her information. After a while the hired Dutchman, getting sleepy, commenced pulling off his boots, preparatory to going to bed.

"All disday," said he, "I dink I kot some

little grabbel stones in my poot. I kess I kit'em out now." He turned up his boot poured out the snuffers!

TWO IMPEDIMENTS.

A HANDSOME young Yankee pedlar made love to a buxom widow in Pennsylvania. He accompanied his declaration with two impediments to their union.

"Name them," said the widow.

"The want of means to set up a retail store is the first," replied the pedlar.

"They parted, and she sent the pedlar a check for ample means. When they met again, the pedlar had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment.

"I have another wife!" cried the notion dealer.

A CORKSCREW DIRECTION.

"COME to my room, I want to see you."

"Where is your room?"

"St. Charles Exchange."

"Well, I believe there are several room in that house; how shall I get to yours?"

"Come right in turn round left—come up one pair of stairs, turn right round left again, come forward come up, turn round three times, come forward and knock at the door."

"Stop, don't you think I could get there quicker, if I was to go down the middle and up again, cross over, turn round, forward two, dos-a-doss, Indian file, promenade, shake a stick, cut a fiddle-stick, dance round two pair of partners and so follow my nose?"

"No, no: just follow my directions, and you'll be sure to find me."

"Or lose myself to a certainty."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 7th inst. by Rev. D. S. Marks, Mr. Alexander Carter, to Miss Mary Jane St. John, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by Rev. D. S. Marks, Mr. Lysander McNeill, to Miss Charlotte Roraback.

At Pittsfield, on the 4th inst. by Rev. John Todd, Mr. Albert R. Holmes, Cashier of Farmer's Bank of this city, to Miss Fanny S. Bodortha of Pittsfield, Mass.

At Stuyvesant, on the 29th ult. by John J. Vosburgh, Esq. Marsellus B. Waters, of Troy, N. Y. to Helen B. Brotherton, of the former place.

At Stuyvesant Falls, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. John C. Van Devoort, Mr. Henry New, of Ghent, to Miss Elizabeth Sharp, of the former place.

On the 3d inst. by Rev. Polhemus Van Wyck, Mr. Albert Staats, of Livingston, to Miss Mary, daughter of Aaron Van Vleck, Esq. of Greenport.

At Valatie, on the 24th ult. by W. Van Buren, Esq. Lawrence Genzer to Fredericka Turk, both of Kinderhook.

At Warrensburgh, Warren Co. on the 1st inst. by the Rev. C. Smith, Mr. George C. Tolley, to Miss Juliette M. Osborn, both of this city.

At Greenport, on the 27th ult. by M. Delamater, Justice of the Peace, Mr. John Snyder, of Oak Hill, Greene County, to Miss Elrecca Mead, of Catskill.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. E. Deyo, Mr. Levi Link, of Ghent, to Miss Philena Southard, of the same place.

At Chatham Centre, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Pearce, Henry V. G. Ousterhout, to Miss Caroline Van Valkenburgh, of Chatham.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 8th inst. Mary, youngest daughter of William Bryan, aged 1 year and 11 months.

On the 8th inst. of Consumption, Mrs. S. A. Simpson, aged 38 years and 10 months, wife of Dr. E. Simpson.

At Kinderhook, on the 31st ult. Miss Charlotte Waggoner, in the 29th year of her age.

On the night of the 3d inst. drowned in the Copake Creek, near the residence of his father, in Livingston, Stephen, son of John N. Decker, aged 28 years.

At Geneva, Kane County, Illinois, on the 4th ult. Homer, son of Edward and Maria A. Bunker, aged 10 months and 20 days.

On the 29th ult. William Albert, son of William R. and Sarah Hunt, aged 1 year and 9 months.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

AUTUMN.

BY ISAAC COBB.

LOVELY Autumn! thee we hail
To the hill and verdant vale,
Though thou bringest blight and death,
In thy cold and piercing breath.

Though the fairest of the flowers,
At thy coming leave the bowers,
Yet we love thee full as well—
Love thee more than pen may tell.

We admire the crimson dyes,
That adorn thy evening skies,
And Aurora's rosy light,
Beautifying dale and height;

And as well the changing shades,
Of the woodlands and the glades,
Though the view may oft impart
Pain and sadness to the heart.

Oh! we love the mournful strain,
Floating from the distant plain,
Though it be the farewell song
Of the meadow's happy throng.

While thou showest every day,
All is subject to decay,
Thou reminder of the clime,
Far beyond the verge of time.

Where seraphic beings roam
In their own eternal home—
Culling from the blissful bowers,
Bright and never-fading flowers.

Gorham, Maine, 1850.

THE CHILD ON THE BEACH.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

MARY, a beautiful, artless child,
Came down on the beach to me,
Where I sat, and a pensive hour beguiled
By watching the restless sea.

I never had seen her face before,
And mine was to her unknown;
But we each rejoiced on that peaceful shore
The other to meet alone.

Her cheek was the rose's opening bud,
Her brow of an ivory white;
Her eyes were bright as the stars that stud
The sky of a cloudless night.

To reach my side as she gayly sped,
With the step of a bounding fawn,
The pebbles scarce moved beneath her tread,
Ere the little light foot was gone.

With the love of a holier world than this
Her innocent heart seem'd warm;
While the glad young spirit look'd out with bliss
From its shrine in her sylph-like form.

Her soul seem'd spreading the scene to span
That open'd before her view,
And longing for power to look the plan
Of the universe fairly through.

She climb'd and stood on the rocky steep,
Like a bird that would mount and fly
Far over the waves, where the broad blue deep
Roll'd up to the bending sky.

She placed her lips to the spiral shell,
And breathed through every fold;
She look'd for the depth of its pearly cell,
As a miser would look for gold.

Her small white fingers were spread to toss
The foam, as it reach'd the strand;
She ran them along in the purple moss,
And over the sparkling sand.

The green sea-egg, by its tenant left,
And forth'd to an ocean cup,
She held by its sides, of their spears bereft,
To fill, as the waves roll'd up.

But the hour went round, and she knew the space
Her mother's soft word assign'd;
While she seem'd to look with a saddening face
On all she must leave behind.

She search'd mid the pebbles, and, finding one
Smooth, clear, and of amber dye,
She held it up to the morning sun,
And over her own mild eye.

Then, "Here," said she, "I will give you this,
That you may remember me!"
And she seal'd her gift with a parting kiss,
And fled from beside the sea.

Mary, thy token is by me yet;
To me it is a dearer gem
Than ever was brought from the mine, or set
In the loftiest diadem.

It carries me back to the far-off deep,
And places me on the shore,
Where the beauteous child, who bade me keep
Her pebble, I meet once more.

And all that is lovely, pure, and bright,
In a soul that is young, and free
From the stain of guile, and the deadly blight
Of sorrow, I find in thee.

I wonder if ever thy tender heart
In memory meets me there,
Where thy soft, quick sigh, as we had to part,
Was caught by the ocean air.

Bless'd one! over time's rude shore, on thee
May an angel guard attend,
And "a white stone bearing a new name," be
Thy passport when time shall end!

From the Portland Umpire.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY ISAAC COBB.

THE objects ye knew in your childhood,
Oh where are they now?
The meadow, the dell and the wild-wood,
And the mountain's dark brow?

Ah! many a moment has passed,
Since last ye surveyed
The home where the maple tree cast
His liberal shade.

The faces that smiled as ye spake,
And the eyes that were there,
No longer while ye are awake,
Alleviate care.

But nightly, when dream-land appears,
Those forms ye behold;
And the voice ye have heard not for years,
Ye hear as of old.

The orchard, the play-ground, the flowers,
Ye view as when young;
While those teachers and school mates of ours,
Ye are ever among.

Alas! ye may know them no more,
Till ye waken from sleep,
On a blissful, a heavenly shore,
Where friends never weep.

Gorham, Maine, 1850.

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